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The Enterprises of Mr. Morrow.

Marked Success Crowning the Business Activities of a Son of Lancaster.

From the Charlotte Observer.

Mr. Robert A. Morrow, one of the leading men of this section of the State, is enlarging his many enterprises. The Heath Morrow Company, wholesale grocery merchants of Monroe, is preparing to do a tremendous business. The department stores, in which Mr. Morrow is interested and of which he is president, at Albemarle, Waxhaw and other places, are doing a large volume of business each year. Mr. Morrow is president of the Morrow Grocery Company of this place. He lives at Monroe.

Mr. Robert A. Morrow is a son of the late Capt. James M. Morrow, and was born in the upper edge of South Carolina, near the North Carolina line. He has many kinsmen and friends here who are watching his successful career with interest. In addition to being a man of fine business ability he takes much interest in public affairs. He is a member of the board of internal improvements of this State. He and Mr. B. C. Beckwith, with the Governor as ex officio president, compose the board. This is an important office as its members look after the public buildings.

The Lancaster Schools.

A Chester Editor Visited them and was Most Favorably Impressed with the Work Being Done—The Superintendent and the Principal Complimented.

From the Chester Lantern.

It was our privilege to be in Lancaster a short while Saturday morning and to meet with Superintendent A. R. Banks, of the city graded schools, and his bright young assistant, Mr. John A. Jenkins. In company with the latter we paid a visit to the central graded school.

Owing to the fact that it was Saturday the school was not in session, but on every side we found abundant evidence of hard and earnest work. The appearance of the various rooms suggested that of a great piece of machinery, temporarily inert, but filled with the glorious capabilities of action and impatient again to be alive.

Mrs. Banks has been unwell for some time, and her invalidism has naturally served as a check on her husband; but we found him as enthusiastic as ever on the subject of education and fired with the laudable desire to make South Carolina's and particularly Lancaster's, public schools, second to none in the

entire land. Supt. Banks is ever anxious to engage in conversation on his favorite theme, and he is an interesting and fluent speaker on this as on almost any other subject. He has certain views as regards methods, but he is open to conviction and is never dogmatic. He is the exponent of the middle ground in methods of teaching, trying to preserve the best of the old methods and to incorporate such of the new into his system as seem likely to stand the test. Without a superior as an instructor and with but few equals as regards executive ability, Supt. Banks is easily one of the foremost graded school men in the state.

Mr. John A. Jenkins, who occupies the position of principal, is proving himself to be a successful teacher. He is an indefatigable worker, and there is undoubtedly a future ahead of him if he adheres to his present calling.

A Horrible Crime

North Carolinian Charged with Dragging his Sick Wife out of Bed and Murdering Her.

Special to The Charlotte Observer:

Durham, Feb. 25.—One of the foulest and most brutal murders ever committed in this section or in the State was done at West Durham last night at midnight, when John H. Hodges dragged his wife from her sick bed and shot her to death.

The six children of the mother witnessed the murder and were afraid to speak when the brutal father and husband drew his pistol and fired the fatal shot into the heart of his wife and erstwhile companion. One son, the oldest, did enter protest and did what he could to prevent the terrible deed.

"Stand back and shut your mouth," said the brutal demon. "If you say a word I will kill you." With this the father and husband knocked back the son and he fell to the floor. This was before the murder, but while Hodges was trying to shoot.

"I knew when I deeded this house and lot to you, Miss Mattie," said the demon, "that you would kick me out."

"I did not," pleaded the helpless wife. "I have been very sick and am sick now. All I want is for you to be good and do right. You can have the house and lot," she said, this being according to the statement of her eldest son, who heard the entire matter.

"You can take this," he hissed. The shot fired. A life ended.

Hasty, the slayer of the actors, was arraigned in Gaffney court Monday. His trial is set for tomorrow.

Lancaster's Model Sheriff

A Deserved Compliment to One of the Best Officers in the State.

From the Columbia State:
To the Editor of The State:

We regret to see what seems to be a little unpleasant correspondence in The State between Sheriff Hunter of Lancaster and Solicitor Henry of Chester. Sheriff Hunter has many warm friends in Chester county, as well as throughout the State, who it would be hard to make believe that he would be guilty of deviation from any official duty. Mr. Hunter's friends here are appreciative of the service he has rendered his county and also the State, when he was United States marshal.

As has been proclaimed in public print, even in the columns of The State, Sheriff Hunter has no superior in the State in the discharge of his official duty.

We deplore the fact that any reflection should be shadowed forth in regard to his "efforts" in the Morrison case. We all know of how he chartered an old freight car and went thundering over the double trestle at break-neck speed in the night's darkness to save the neck of the criminal.

This was not written in defense of Mr. Hunter, but simply to show him that his efforts are appreciated. He is fully able to take care of himself; is a fearless, brave man of pronounced convictions.

A Trio of The State's Readers.

Preacher Pounded==

"Pounded" So Bounteously that he Invites a Hungry Editor to Dine with Him--How the Good People of Heath Springs Helped the Rev. S. N. Watson to Celebrate his Birthday.

Ho ye editor, how I do sympathize with you! I know what it is to drink water and vigorously use a toothpick, in order to make the impression on the world that I had had a meal, while at the same time there was an inward monitor, lashing and gnawing, trying to impress upon my mind that the Divine Creator said, "by the sweat of thy brow shalt thou eat bread," and that there had been nothing but the sweat. But all things change. I can now give you a square, round or any other kind of a meal your fastidious taste may call for if you will leave your sanctum, sanctorium long enough to visit my domicile. Today is my birthday. How old am I? Well, to be polite, that is none of your business; suffice to say, I am older

than I was ten years ago, for I am married now, but today I am—well I have forgotten to think about my age, so busy have I been looking through the many good things my kind people sent to my home. There have been regular trains and special trains running all day long; all well loaded with flour, hams, sugar, coffee, rice, chickens, turkeys, butter, eggs, in fact all kinds of good things to eat, too numerous to mention, but I would be an ungrateful wretch did I fail to mention the fact, that, along with this bounteous store there was some of the "root of all evil" and a beautiful quilt that would make the eyes of the aesthetic dance with pleasure.

Now I know you are hungry, thinking about my groaning pantry, so I will leave you to bite your lip and chew your toothpick, and wish you were a Baptist preacher; and so might any other man if he had such kind, thoughtful and appreciative people to preach to as the Lord has given to me. Such expressions of kindness make us feel, after all, that life, with its trials and afflictions is well worth living.

May God bless them all, and enable me, His ambassador, and their humble servant, to be more faithful and zealous in my effort to break unto them the bread of eternal life.

S. N. Watson.

Heath Springs, S. C. Feb. 23rd, 1906.

Coming Marriage.

Mr. Joel D. Blackmon and Miss Louetta Lingle to Wed March 6th.

Cards are out announcing the approaching marriage of Mr. Joel D. Blackmon, son of Mr. W. M. Blackmon, of the Creek section, and Miss Louetta Lingle, daughter of Mr. E. B. Lingle, of Dwight. The ceremony will be performed at the home of the prospective bride's parents the afternoon of March 6th, at 5 o'clock.

Mr. Blackmon is a clever young man and a successful farmer, while Miss Lingle, whose heart and hand he has been so fortunate as to win, is a young lady of most lovable character and pleasing personality.

Dr. Daniel's Lecture.

The Rev. J. W. Daniel, D. D., of Columbia, will deliver an address in Grace Methodist church here the night of March the 12th. His subject will be the "Southern Mule." The admission fee will be 25cts—for adults; 15 cents for children.

Dr. Daniel, who is one of the most prominent members of the South Carolina Conference, is an original, forceful speaker and a treat is assured all who go out to hear him on the occasion of his visit to Lancaster.

Hold Your Cotton!

Says Harvie Jordan--President of Southern Cotton Association is Looking for Better Prices.

About the middle of last November the Southern Cotton Association advised all spot holders to demand fifteen cents per pound, basis middling, for the balance of the unsold portion of the present crop and pledges were asked for ninety days. The mammoth Cotton Convention, held at New Orleans, La., January 11-13, 1906, passed a resolution unanimously endorsing the holding movement for fifteen cents, and advocated the continued holding of the unsold portion of the crop for that price independent of the ninety-day pledging. The executive committee of the Association subsequently endorsed the action of the Convention, and all spot holders were earnestly asked to stand firm until a maximum price of fifteen cents was offered. Remember one year ago cotton sold at seven cents per pound in February and advanced to over ten cents early in July in the face of a 14,000,000 bales crop. This year the crop is 3,500,000 bales less. Consumption is far greater this year than last, and the prices of all lines of cotton goods abnormally high. If the small balance of the cotton now held is sold for fifteen cents, the whole crop will not average over 11 1/2 cents per pound. Receipts will soon drop off heavily and a stronger market will be had.

Do not rush your cotton on the market, but hold it and win out in the great struggle that is on between the spot holders on the one side and speculators, spinners and buyers on the other. Yours truly,

Harvie Jordan,
President S. C. A.

Musical Friday Night, at Residence of Mrs. Fannie Jones.

The Juvenile Missionary Society of M. E. Church, South, requests the public to attend a Dime Musical at Mrs. Fanny Jones' Friday evening, March the second. The following programme will be rendered:

Full Chorus. Music, Miss Porter; Declamation, Miss Clarke; Vocal Duet, Misses Johnson; Violin and Piano Duets, Misses Davis and Tillman; Piano Duet, Miss Miller and Mrs. Barron; Declamation, Miss Thompson; Vocal Duet, Messrs. Billings and Barron; Piano Duet, Mrs. Barron and Miss Jones; Declamation, Miss Thomason; Instrumental Solo, Miss Skipper; Trio, Mrs. Barron and Misses Porter and Jones; Declamation, Miss Davis; Instrumental Solo, Miss Essie Jones.

Mrs. J. Palmer King and children went over to Fort Lawn yesterday afternoon, to spend a few days with Captain King, who is temporarily in charge of the railroad office at Fort Lawn.